

Canibus Lyrics

"Lost @ "C""

[Verse 1]

Yo, yo, yo, now when you see that big ass C, you know I'm comin through
And when you know I'm comin through, you know what I'ma do
I never sent to battlin me, would be impossible
I just think it's highly motherfucking improbable
You talkin to a nigga, niggas split molecules
To subatomic particles, strong enough to stop a bull
Bodies slam, to oxygen, drop a mule
Urinating rocket fuel, freestylin over gospel tunes
Rhymes by the thousands, rhymes for hours
I could kick a rhyme longer than your whole album
Kickboxer, beatin the shit out niggas proper
I beat 'em till they holler, beat 'em til the cops come
Beatin niggas til they have seizures, beat 'em til they start screamin
Like fax machines when they start receivin
Beat 'em til my own hands start bleedin
Beat 'em til they lungs stop breathing and they heart stop beatin
From 12 am to 12 pm in the evening
With three 15 minute breaks in between 'em
Good Jesus, that's a really stingy beatin
That's what you get for fuckin with this lyrical demon
Bloodstream's been, contaminated for eons
I got cast out of heaven for treason
Got cast out of the Garden of Eden for lettin the reptillian beast in
Got locked up for a DUI and speedin
A whole legion of half decent emcees get released when
They spit a hundred bars for they freedom
See I'm much too nice to compete wit
Too nice to flow over beats wit, too nice to hold a M I C wit
Off some diesel Hercules shit, I cold flip
And start to punch trees til they leafless
Inhale with two real deep breaths, hold my breath
Til the whole planet suffocates and then release it (release it)

[HOOK x2:]

Yo, you ain't as cold as us
Or as bold as us
When you get thrown to the wolves, you get thrown to us
(When we in the warzone, we got the chrome wit us)
Cuz we rollin rough, when the soldiers rush
Either you roll wit us, or get blown to dust (ashes to ashes and dust to dust)

[Verse 2]

Yo, yo, now for the last couple of months, things been real quiet
Cuz I ain't heard shit worth buyin
I'm bout to show you niggas how I'm driven
The drive comes from my lyrics and my lyrics come from my inner spirit

Five bringin the, faster than 12 cylinder engines with nitrogen in 'em
Faster than F-1 with light pistons
Fast enough to give your brain an aneurysm
Cuz you niggas is slower than fat bitches with tabalism
The way I rip apart the competition when I be spittin
The name Canibus might as well be Cannibalism
Show me a man that can't feel him
I'll show you a man that'll grab him by the neck
And put his head to the fan on the ceiling
Suffer real bad from television shit
Drop him off the roof of a building and let the news film him
I hop in front of the cameras and tell 'em how I'm feelin
I tell 'em how I feel that hip hop, should deal wit it
Tell 'em how I'm tired of the state rappers in
Ninety percent of the shit that rappers give is subject matter less
Not original, but blasphemous, just a bunch of the same characters
Shootin the same videos, it's embarassing
You's in the same formal as the [?]havel head?
You's are the same actors and actresses, same shit different laxative
Face it nigga you wack as shit I'm snatchin your mic
I make you run for your life, children in the daylight
That track you at night, my global position is satellite
Got a infrared blaster to test your body's fahrenheit
Wherever you go, I track you through hail, sleet, or snow
I track you til you're seizure grows into a afro
Until you plaid 'em into cornrows
Track you til your shoe soles develop holes
And you get, corns on your toes
Til your teeth develop hollow coses
But you been goin so long without deodorant you don't even notice it
Motherfucker

[HOOK x4]